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often hurry them to misrepresent those who think differently from them. In no cases is fiery zeal more displayed than on the subject of religion, and the principle which ought to moderate human passions, by its misapplication not unfrequently in-

flames them to the greatest excess. Such a course may be generally expected, so long as religion is placed in belief, and external observances, and not in the due regulation of the heart and temper. K.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FUNERAL OF ISABELLA.

By a young Lady.

WHILE sad and solemn sorrow breathes
around,
While bath'd in tears her sad companions mourn,
Mark, as she slowly treads the sainted ground,
A mother's grief o'er Isabella's urn.
"Too late I came," the hapless mourner cries,
"Another breast receiv'd her last dear sigh!"—
What checks each plaint, each murmur as they rise?—
An angel's voice, which breathes this soft reply.
"The host of heaven approve with fond delight,
When virtuous age th' immortal crown receives,
But Oh! with dearer joy they bless the sight
When youth resigned each earthly pleasure leaves.
When youth, when health, when new half-tasted joys,
Hope's spirit gay, and beauty's opening bloom,
Are offer'd all, a willing sacrifice
To him who calls them to an early tomb.
How small the change thus cropt a beautiful flower,
To mould it to ethereal texture bright!
Think ere this moment, touch'd by heavenly power,
She moves a seraph in the realms of light.
A sweeter grace her features soft assume,
To her fair form resplendent wings are given,
Diviner glories all her looks illumine,
And she who charmed on earth now smiles in heaven!"

SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE tailor plies his needle fast
Shoe-makers also use their last,
For all is hurry, all is haste,
On Saturday night.
The labourer receives his hire,
And gratifies his high desire
Of guzzling beer by alehouse fire
On Saturday night.
And oh! how grievous and provoking,
To mend the holes of many a stocking,
While her tired foot the cradle's rocking,
On Saturday night.
See the young boy impatient itches,
To adorn himself with his new breeches,
"It wants good sir, but twenty stitches
This Saturday night.
Young miss has called once, twice or thrice,
She wants her Spanish pumps so nice,
"They shall be done miss in a trice,
This Saturday night,
See posts or hosts where'er he turns
Distract the tradesman's mind which burns,
And oh his wife she only mourns
On Saturday night,
For she has ladie's shoes to bind,
And she has a cross child to mind,
For cares and business are combined,
On Saturday night,
Then let us leave this trading world,
Which in confusion still is hurt'd,
Pains and griefs are all unful'd
On Saturday night.
The lady combs her auburn hair,
No toils and troubles does she share,
But for the morrow does prepare
On Saturday night.
But ah she fears some other belle,
Shall all her ornaments excel,
And to her mind such thoughts are hell
On Saturday night.
The servant maid whose only dower,
Is fame of how that she can scour,
Exerts her skill with all her power
On Saturday night.

The merchant now retires from strife,
Into the presence of his wife,
And hopes to enjoy a quiet life

On Saturday night.

But children roar with all their might,
For this you know is washing night,
And they must kick and twist and fight
On Saturday night.

But sweet is our sleep of a Saturday night,
When all nature so tired is at rest,
And sweeten the beams of the morning
light,

When cessation from labour's confest.

E.

ADDRESS TO GLUTTONS.

Cheer up gluttons, fill your bellies,
Go manelize whole pounds of meat,
Never fiddle o'er your jellies,
But substantial viands eat.

Every waistcoat quick unbutton,
See the enemies advance,
Charge the turtle, beef and mutton,
Point the culinary lance.

Brandish, boys, your knives and forks all,
As you would in war the spear,
Bloat your paunches like a foot ball,
Eat and grease from ear to ear.

Still let us abhor the motto
"Pauca vesco"—damping words,
But good roast beef, piping hot oh!
Spread in plenty o'er your boards.

See the surloin richly smocking,
Mark the gravy how it spings,
Malcontents forbear your croaking,
Feast like aldermen or kings.

From the store-house brisk and mellow,
Quick, the port, and claret bring;
Through our spacious hall we'll bellow,
"Here's a health to George our king."

Whilst we're gorging without measure,
Hear our greasy chairman cry,

"Eating is *sublimest pleasure*,
"While we eat,—we'll never die."

TO A FRIEND WHO PRESENTED HER WITH
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES;

By a young Lady.

TO you who taught my heart to know
The lyric charms that brightly glow,
And save my country's rescued lay
From dark oblivion's Gothic sway;
My grateful thanks in feeble song,
Though weak the strain I'd fain prolong;
How swelled my soul with rapture new,
As memory then recalled to view
The Bards that in illustrious line
Have waken'd Erin's harp divine!
I saw them rise in awful state
Her joys, her woes to celebrate,
They looked, they moved to fancy's eye
In sweetest pomp of Minstrelsy,
And 'till those days when eist the bard

Was honour's tutor, virtue's guard;
When his applause, with rapture fraught,
Bright virgins, monarchs, heroes sought,
Yet though his voice no longer calls
Through Tara's or Kinkera's halls,
Yet, tho' he cease through Erin's vales,
Soft breathing, gently mournful tales,
His sweet romantic themes to pour,
Of loves, of glories now no more;
May not her bards, her ancient pride,
Now viewless o'er her fate preside?
Those souls that music's springs could
move,

Now tuned to harmony above,
May mark her their peculiar care,
And build their joys their sorrows there;
And as in azure vapours lost
Sublime they hover o'er her coast,
May oft avert the threat'ning blow,
That frowns to lay her beauties low;
Or when their guardian efforts fail
Their soft harps resting on the gale
In strains of more than mortal sound,
May shed a holy calm around,
May bid her bleeding sorrows cease,
And soothe her murmur'ing sons to peace.
'Tis then that oft their pitying tear,
Falls trembling thro' her humid sphere,
In pearly drops below is seen,
And decks her vales with brighter green.
Such fancy's visions, when I view
The bards that once my country knew;
And chief of all thy tuneful train,
O born the prince of song to reign,
Then Carolan whose mortal sight
Was but obscured, that stronger light
Concentered in thy glowing soul,
Might thence blaze forth without controul,
Who from thy harp exhaustless drew
Conceptions ravishing as new.
There as some proud enchanter's wand
By turns each spirit can command,
And raise at every magic sweep,
Entranced delight, or anguish deep.
'Tis sweet those native strains to hear,
But sweeter to the raptur'd ear,
When poetry her aid unites,
And adds to music's soft delights,
When Moore his patriot genius burns,
To pour the verse where feeling turns
Whose numbers with impassioned course
To music's powers an added force
With sympathy respondent gives,
Till every note expressive lives.
Whate'er the theme, or sad or gay,
He follows the melodious lay,
And Erin's harp no more repress,
Shines forth in modern beauties drest.
Sweet music, sweeter poetry,
Twin sisters, ever thus agree,
United, fairer each appears,
And each the other's beauties shares.
Then if a dearer joy be mine,
Than thus to see your charms combine,
'Tis that those powers united smile
To celebrate my native Isle.

L.